

Allred Family Newsletter "AFN"

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OUR MISSION STATEMENT

"Identify and Unite the Allred Family Through Gathering, Storing and Sharing Information"



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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Larry Allred

Dear Friends and Family Members:

It's that time again when the newsletter comes out with all that wonderful information in it, and I'm supposed to make some great and tremendous statement about where we are and where we are going. I'm sorry to disappoint you, I don't have very much to say. And especially that's great and tremendous.

I do want to thank all of you who have supported me and given me encouragement. I have enjoyed these few months since I have taken this position. I have made a few mistakes and have gotten over them and were moving on to newer and better things.

I feel to send out a plea to all of you for help. We can't do it by ourselves. We need help in nearly every area we are working in. Histories, Photos, research, the Internet Home Page and every other area we are working in.

We have set up a Communications committee, which Bob Olson is heading. He will take all incoming information from all of you and dispense it out to the areas that it needs to go. For instance, If you have Photos that you are donating to the Photo Archive, you would send them to Bob and he will get them to Wayne Who is the CC over the photo Archive. If you have Histories, It would be the same. If you have family data, the same would apply. If you are sending things in by E-mail, they would again, go to Bob Olson and he would dispense it out to the Roster and or wherever else it needs to go.

Many of you are researching your own family lines. If you would and could, please send to us periodically, the new information you have. So that we can up date our records. So that when we get questions and queries, we can respond to them better and faster.

Thank you, every one, for all that you do. For your support of the AFO. Lets all of us strive harder to work together to improve the AFO, to get it out to All the Allreds and extended families. To any one who feels they have any kind of ownership of the Allred name. We haven't proved that we are 100 % Allreds. Nor have we Proved that we are mixed with other names either. And until we can prove one way or the other, I feel that we should strive together to find the truth what ever that may be.

Thank you all again. And may the Good Lord Bless and keep you in his hands. May you allow him to mold and guide you that He can show you where the things are that we are all looking for. The Truth. God Bless you. Larry C. Allred

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AFO WEB PAGE <http://www.Bayside.net/users/afo>



THEODORE REDDING ALLRED--#WI-9-1-4-1 Standing in middle of horses. Civilian Conservation Corp., C.C.C. Camp, Ramseur, Randolph County, N.C. Pine Tree Planting Group of which a few stands of these pine trees still stand today. Year of 1918. Submitted by Eddie & Carolyn Allred



The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes, but in liking what one has to do.

James M. Barrie

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COMMUNICATIONS

All organizations rely on some form of communication to express opinions and ideas. In a small organization much of the communication is done face to face, or on the phone. In face to face interaction the participants use much more than words to express their ideas. The tone of the speaker, the inflection in his voice, eye contact, body language, whether the speaker is solemn or smiling, and even how the speaker is dressed, gives the listener insights, which in many cases, are more important than the actual words. This is by far the most effective and best way to communicate.

The use of the telephone to communicate is less effective because there are no visual queues associated with the conversation. However, the tone of the speaker's voice, the emotion, volume, etc. conveys much more to the listener than just words.

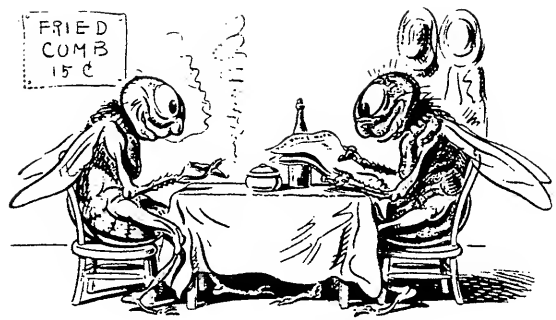
Somewhere between telephone (or radio) communication and smoke signals are written communications. Writing is still an excellent way to communicate, but the lack of audio and visual queues means the reader can only draw meaning from the written word. When sending hand written letters was the standard means of written interpersonal communication the reader could gain clues from the handwriting, and spelling of the writer. In the computer age our handwriting is all the same and spelling and grammar get sanitized by the word processors we use to construct letters. So all we are left with when we transfer ideas through type is the writer's skill in using words, and punctuation to create pictures, concepts or ideas in the reader's mind. There are many people who are very good at this art, but most of us are average writers.

So, "What's the point?" I thought you would never ask. The point is that the AFO is a large organization and it is getting larger all the time. We are comprised of people from a wide range of backgrounds with differing education, who live in different parts of the world. We are hard working, tax paying, family raising, God fearing people who are doing what we each believe is the best that we can do to document our family. Some of us are better writers, some are better genealogists, some are better organizers, some are better speakers, and some spend more hours at this than others do. As we communicate with each other please try to keep in mind you are communicating with someone who probably wants the same thing as you do. Please try to understand the limitation of the media we use to communicate and give each other the benefit of the doubt. Please try to understand that it is all right to have differing, even radical, opinions. The United States was founded on some of the most radical thinking of the time.

Each of us is going to make mistakes on this journey. We can not afford to get side lined by the frailties of our humanity. The disadvantage of a large organization is in communication; the overwhelming advantage is the "whole" is greater than the sum of the pieces it is made from. (He steps off the soapbox).

Love, your cousin,

Bob Olson VP AFO bolson@utahlinx.com



GENEALOGY DEPARTMENT

Gary D. Allred

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With so much information coming in, and available, we want to create diversification in the program by developing Branch Committees. This means that we would have a group over each of the four main branches of the family. ie: Thomas, William, Solomon and John.

In order to do this, we need to know the branch of the family everyone comes from. With this information, our branch committees will be able to contact specific members of their family branch and make certain the information we have on file is correct. Sometimes little things like a birth date or the location make a big difference in our records. In order for us to obtain proof of information, we may need to order a vital record, or other document, and without a correct date or location, it becomes very difficult.

We are asking you to send us your family branch again so we can update our membership information. It is evident that we should have included the branch origin of each of our members in our AFO listing when we first began developing our family data base. Since we did not have the foresight to do this when we began in 1991/2, and continuing to the present, we must recover some of that information at this time.

Please take a little time to fill out as much of the information requested below as you can so we can update your family listing in our new database format.

Your Name: Parent: Grand Parent: GGPParent: GGGParent: Etc:

We realize that some of you have already submitted this information recently, but in order to have complete lineage and a family branch on everyone, we are asking for it again. We feel it is vital to have this information in the computer at our fingertips on every one of our members, so sit down and fill out as much information as you have. If you can include any dates and event locations that you have in your personal records, this will help us compile accurate records on our family.

When we have this information, formation of our branch committees will begin and then the individual branch committees will be able to follow up on developing all branch genealogy.

You may want to be on your branch committee. We have received several requests to assist. Branch Chairperson will need to be called and committees formed. If you have an interest, please note it on your submission letter.

Remember, you don't have to be a researcher to be on a committee. You only need to be interested in the family and more specifically, your branch of the family. Let's make this a team effort and all join in. Gary Allred



GENEALOGISTS CHRISTMAS EVE
(Twas the night before Christmas)

'Twas the night before Christmas
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even my spouse.

The dining room table with clutter was spread
With pedigree charts and with letters which said...
"Too bad about the data for which you wrote;
Sank in a storm on an ill-fated boat."

Stacks of old copies of wills and such
Were proof that my work had become too much.
Our children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugarplums danced in their heads.

And I at my table was ready to drop
From work on my album with photos to crop.
Christmas was here, and such was my lot
That presents and goodies and toys I'd forgot.

Had I not been busy with grandparents' wills,
I'd not have forgotten to shop for such thrills,
While others bought gifts to bring Christmas cheers,
I'd spent time researching those birthdates and years.

While I was thus musing about my sad plight,
A strange noise on the lawn gave me such a great fright.
Away to the window I flew in a flash,
Tore open the drapes and yanked up the sash.

When what with my wondering eyes should appear,
But an overstuffed sleigh and eight small reindeer.
Up to the house top the reindeer they flew,
With a sleigh full of toys and 'ole Santa Claus, too.

And then in a twinkle, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of thirty-two hoofs.
As I drew in my head, and bumped it on the sash,
Down the cold chimney fell Santa--KER-RASH!

"Dear" Santa had come from the roof in a wreck,
And tracked soot on the carpet, (I could wring his short neck!)
Spotting my face, good 'ole Santa could see
I had no Christmas spirit you'd have to agree.

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work
And filled all the stockings, (I felt like a jerk).
Here was Santa, who'd brought us such gladness and joy:
When I'd been too busy for even one toy.

He spied my research on the table all spread
"A genealogist!" He cried! (My face was all red!)
"Tonight I've met many like you," Santa grinned,
As he pulled from his sack a large book he had penned.

I gazed with amusement--the cover it read
Genealogy Lines for Which You Have Plead.
"I know what it's like as a genealogy bug."
He said as he gave me a great Santa hug.

"While the elves make the sleighful of toys I now carry,
I do some research in the North Pole Library!
A special treat I am thus able to bring,

To genealogy folk who can't find a thing."

"Now off you go to your bed for a rest,
I'll clean up the house from this genealogy mess."
As I climbed up the stairs full of gladness and glee,
I looked back at Santa who'd brought much to me.

While settling in bed, I heard Santa's clear whistle,
To his team, which then rose like the down of a thistle.
And I heard him exclaim as he flew out of sight,
"Family history is Fun! Merry Christmas! Goodnight!"

(Author Unknown)

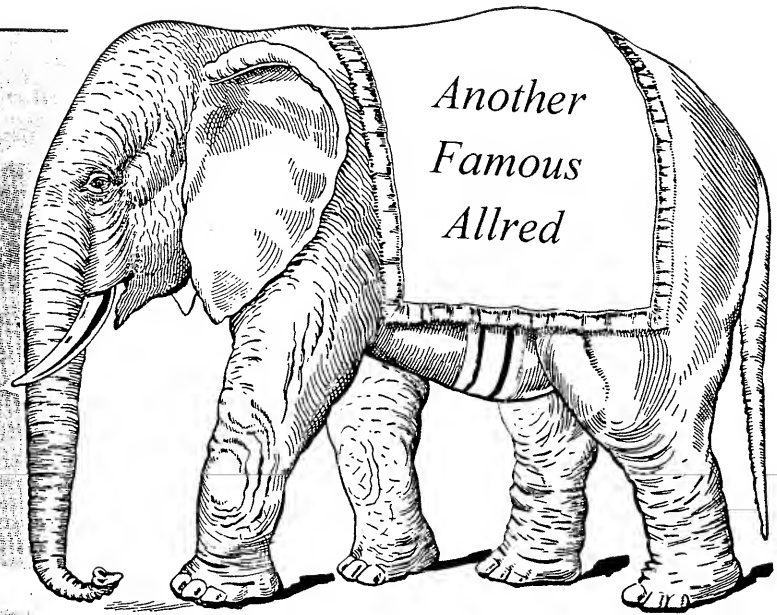


HELPFUL HINTS

I thought this would be great to pass on to our amateur Genealogists, and family members, Just another tid bit of information from Linda Smith for our readers. Larry

If your research in the pioneering period (before 1850) has "dead-ended", it's time for creative thinking. You may find these trends helpful in analyzing your problems.

1. There are approximately three generations per century.
 2. Average age for men to marry was 24. They rarely married before age 20.
 3. The average age for women to marry was 20. They rarely married before age 16.
 4. First marriages were usually between couples near the same age. Women generally outlived their husbands. But older widowers frequently married much younger women, who had never been married before.
 5. Births generally occurred at two-year intervals. Frequently the first child was born a year after marriage. As a woman aged, the interval between births grew slightly. Child bearing generally ended around 45.
 6. Families and neighbors usually migrated together from their old homes. Women rarely traveled alone.
 7. Men usually married women from their neighborhood, but if a seemingly "strange" woman turned up, check the man's former home. Often men returned to their proper residence to find a wife.
 8. If you can't find an old parent, chances are he/she "went West" with a son.
 9. If you have a male ancestor born around 1840, strongly consider Civil War service.
 10. Studies show that after 1850, Ohio pioneers frequently moved to counties in other states on the same latitude as their home county in Ohio.
 11. If your ancestor has a virtue name (e.g. Patience, Silence...), consider a New England heritage.
 12. Children were often named for grandparents, both male and female.
 13. Frequently middle name or even a first name was the mother's or grandmother's maiden name, especially if the name was repeated through several related families.
- (Taken from KERN-GEN, March 1994).



CORBIN ALLRED Star of 'Teen Angel'
DESERET NEWS 9/26/97 By Scott D. Pierce

Corbin Allred >>>

THE ELUSIVE ANCESTOR
by Merrill Kenworthy

I went searching for an ancestor, I cannot find him still.
He moved from place to place and did not leave a will.
He married where a courthouse burned.
He mended all his fences.
He avoided any man who came to take the U. S. Census.

And every 20 years of so, this rascal changed his name.
His parents came from Europe.
They should be upon some list of passengers
To the U. S. A., but somehow they got missed.
And no one else in this world is searching for this man.
So, I play genea-solitaire to find him if I can.

I'm told he's buried in a plot, with tombstone he was blessed,
But the weather took engraving, and some vandals took the rest.
He died before the county clerks decided to keep records.
No Family Bible has emerged, in spite of all my efforts.
To top it off, this ancestor, who caused me many groans,
Just to give me one more pain, betrothed a girl named JONES.

Sender: **Dlmeenach@aol.com**

Los Angeles - At the age of 18, Corbin Allred is starring in the new NBC series "Teen Angel" - his second network sitcom. But there is one drawback to the job according to the recent Hillcrest High graduate.

The show is shot in Los Angeles. And he'd just as soon be home in Sandy.

"I've been coming here for five years - summers and pilot seasons - and I could never get used to it," Allred said. "Home is always home."

Actually, he's rather ambivalent about moving to Burbank, where he's taken an apartment.

"When I'm home for a couple of months, it's like - man, I'm itching to go to work. I want to go to L. A.," Allred said. "When I'm here for a couple of days, I'm itching to go home."

"The atmosphere is totally different here. When I'm working here, I'm fine. I've got something to do. I've got a job, I go to bed, I get up and go to work - whatever. But when I'm not working here, the whole attitude of the people is different."

"I like Utah. Utah is always going to be my home."

Actually, "Teen Angel," which premieres Friday at 8:30 p.m. on Ch. 4 is a case of good news coming out of bad news - in a roundabout fashion. Allred was a co-star in the UPN sitcom "Social Studies" last season, a show that didn't exactly turn out the way Allred and his family had hoped.

But "Social Studies" ended up being a good deal more raunchy than he had been led to believe.

"There were things in there that I was asked to say and do that I said, flat out, that my character didn't do this," Allred said. "I disagreed with a lot of the content. I mean calling someone a virgin as if that were something bad to be? I completely disagree with that."

And Allred's stand isn't just posturing for a critic from Utah. In a Press conference attended by hundreds of TV critics from across the country, he told them that he believes actors should be "an example of whatever your morals might be, whatever you feel you would like to help somebody with ... You are going to be seen by a lot of people and you want to set a good example." (The article continues for five columns but due to limited space this is all we can print. Way to go Corbin!)

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO "PORE LIL"

Submitted by Linda Allred Cooper

Once again I bring you another "tidbit" found in the Barbara Newsom Griggs file in the Randolph Room, Asheboro, North Carolina. Lillie Allred was born and raised in Randolph County, NC, in the early 1800's. Although her childhood was probably typical of the times, her marriage apparently was very tragic and she disappeared from Randolph County around 1845. Hopefully, after reading this letter, some of you researching in the Richmond, Virginia area will be able to turn up some clues as to what ever happened to "Pore Lill".

Before you read the letter, let me tell you who "Pore Lill" was. Although the original letter (on file in the NC State Archives) was faded and the handwriting hard to read, Mrs. Griggs had copied it for her files and then typed a transcribed copy. On this typed copy, she left us some notes that show she had figured out who Lillie's husband and children were. I then took these clues and figured out that Lillie must have been the daughter of Robert and Nancy Allred (Solomon, Phineas, Robert, Lillie).

Those of you researching this particular line may have more information on this family that would help document this. For now, I'm just guessing.

So, here's Mrs. Grigg's notes and "Pore Lill's" letter:

"The following letter found in the Miscellaneous papers in the North Carolina State Archives, Raleigh, NC, presented a problem.

Who was "pore Lill" and which ROUTH did she marry? She mentioned "my dear little children" but gave the name of only one child, Silvanes.

The ROUTHs of Randolph County, North Carolina by Lawrence W. ROUTH of Greensboro, NC on page 142 solved the mystery.

'Isaac ROUTH born 1814, the son of Joshua ROUTH, married Lillie Cude July 27, 1831 in Guilford County, NC. They had three children: William Clay Routh, born 1835 - James Routh, born 1838 - Sylvania Routh, born 1842 (Little Silvanes) - 'Isaac Routh, the second son of Joshua Routh, lived in Randolph County. His wife left him circa 1845, with three young children.'

From the letter, it is easy to see that Lillie and Isaac Routh had family problems which she felt she could no longer live with. It also seems that Lillie wanted to return to her family. We will probably never know what happened to her, but perhaps she could be traced in or near Richmond, VA, as we now know she used the name Miss Lann Giles there."

(Barbara NEWSOM Griggs)

State of Virginia - Chesterfield Co. -February 23th 1845

Dear brother and Sister Children and father and Mother I know take my pen in hand to let you know that I am yet alive thank God for his mercy to mee hoping these few lines may find you all Well I will inform you that I haint lacked for friends Since I left Randolph you may think I am A fool for leaving my dear little children but I think it was better to leave then to be beate to death by the Rouths I have ben imposed upon more by them than you think - - I want you to kiss all my Ccildren for mee and tell them that mother is yet Alive but along ways off and never expects to See them enny more I

hope you ar all satisfide now for pore lill is gon out of Sight and wont be Nomore Scandle to you all I am living with A old lady Who lives A lone all but her blacks She has 13 blacks and plenty of everything I can Stay hear as long as I want to but I dont expect to Stay longer than April for I - - - Well tell you

Something about my travling I cam by Danville A large town on Dan river 50 miles from greens borough thair I Saw Mr. Henry Brower and talked with him then I came to Milton town Aleven miles further down dan river than I Came to Rodgers fery then to hallifax Court house 30 miles from milton then to Motens ferry on Stanton river 21 miles from halifax to Ceyes Ville 20 miles furter then to Millers Store 12 miles further then to ginnings ornery zanviles to geters Ville 7 miles to amesid Court house 8 miles to goodsbridg on ther appmmatick rivver 8 miles then I came to this naberhod Which is about 25 miles from goodsbridge I Went to manChester and ritchmond las wensday theas is two large towns just divided by james River thair I saw the penete shiny and the Capitl and old ginerall Washington and menny things to tedgious to metion jemes rivver is About

A half mile wide I crosed on a bridg thair Saw tha Steam botes and large bouts Sailing down tha river tha old lady I live with Went with mee to tha towns She had A Sone living in Ritchmond Whitch is six miles from hear I has seen a heap since I Saw you but trouble is Still prsant I want to see My little Silvanes and all the rest of my Children I want to See Clemons Allred and my old mother the worst of all but I never Shall I Want you to Write as quick as you get this Letter is you pleas

do Write Wheare my Childrin is and how thee are dont be long about it for I want to hear frum them and you all and I sahnt bed hear longer than April I dont expect So Wright as quick as you Can pleas to tell mee in your letter What has become of Zimrye Harding for I love him as my life but I cant help it you all for sakened mee because I loved him but god nose I could not help love if I Could make love or brak it I would brak my Love now but fortune Will be fortune Still let A man doe What

he will I expect my letter will tire you it is So long but as I Dont expect Wright Soon Again if ever I hope you will excuse mee tell father and mother I should have bin glad to hav bid them fare Well by mouth but I thout tha dinst Want to See mee So I bid you all fare Well to geather May God bless you all

I know will tell hoy how to back on Direct you letter back it his Way to Miss Lan Giles State of Virgana Chesterfield, County ManChester post office I have Someting more to Say that as I have adoped my name to my mothers I Shall never trubble Mr. Routh enny more he Can get Devorsed and marry Some Lase as A Sevier is usefool I never want to See his face again for A Sevarier is too high for - - - - - I want my good firend Emberson Lineberry to hear Whear I am and all they rest of my firends if emny I now begin to think about What Will become of my Soul and I think God will for give mee for all I have don but I bought to left sooner but as I had Some Children is all cep

me now I now that I comit a great Sin by living with a man I did not Love but thank god I Shall never Live with another as

WHAT'S IN A NAME

By Robert Vance Allred

If your name happens to be Allred, then quite a lot. As I grew up, I often wondered where I got this strange name and where it came from. The only Allreds I knew were my Uncle Jesse's family in Charlotte, NC, where we lived and that my father had relatives in Randleman and Highpoint, because I had attended a family reunion as a child there in the forties and remembered many cousins.

As I grew older and joined the military, I was often asked if I was an American Indian. At one point, I found that I was being carried on a roster as a member of a minority. It must have been the dark hair and high cheek bones or was it the name. In the barracks I was called Allgreen, Allpurple, Allright and a few others not worth mentioning in a family newsletter.

In the past few years I have developed an interest in leaving something of a family history for my grandchildren, so they will know where the family came from. Since history was always a favorite subject in school, it was a natural best place to start. I found some very interesting things about us Allreds.

First of all, you should remember that surnames in many countries have only been around for two or three hundred years. This was true even in Scotland and many parts of Ireland. The Allred name and family is ancient with roots deep in England dating before the arrival of the Anglo Saxons from Denmark, Jutland and the Rhine Valley area of Germany in the fifth century.

The name Allred is an Anglo Saxon derivative of an old English name AEOelraed or Ealdraed, which means "Noble Counsel" or "Old Counsel". There are several variations on the name including Alred, Aelred, Ailred, Alredus, Alret, Aldred, Alldread, Alldred, Alldritt, Audritt, Eldred, Eldrett, Eldrid and Elldred.

The first mention of the name I can find is in the Anglo Saxon Chronicle, a history of the Anglo Saxon period written during the period of their reign. Here we find:

A.D. 765 This year Alred succeeded to the kingdom of the Northumbrians and reigned eight winters. Alred could claim some relationship with the Bernician royal house. He attained the Kingdom by defeating and driving from the throne Aethelwald "Moll" (759-765) a noble of non-royal blood who could have counted on the loyalty of the men from his own region but very few others. During Alred's reign, a Northumbrian Synod sanctioned the mission of Willehad to the Frisians (Germany). Both Aired and Archbishop of York Aethelberht corresponded with Lull the Archbishop of Mainz. This was evidence of the continued interest taken by Northumbrians in the continental missions.

Alred was married. His queen was Osgifu. Both appeared to be very religious and to take great interest in spreading the Catholic religion throughout northern England and in Germany and Holland. They brought trainees from both areas to study at York.

A king during very difficult times, Alred was deposed by the counsel and consent of all his people and was replaced by Aethelred, who only lasted for five years.

If you find this early history interesting, maybe the next time, I can tell you about the family Saint, St Aelred of Rievaulx. Remember, if you are an Allred, there is a lot to your name.

Best regards, Robert Allred

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KINFOLKS

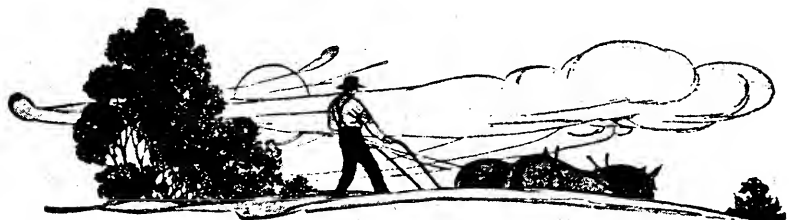
As you research your kinfolks, remember please do,
Someday your descendants will do research on you;
So kick up your heels and set the town roaring,
And don't let them think that you ever were boring.

Michigan Gen. Council Newsletter
Submitted by Tate Jordan : Texas Cousin



RUBEN & MARTHA JANE POUNDS LOWDERMILK
Family photo, Mother & Father of Youtha Maudia Lowdermilk
Allred #W-1 -9-1-4. Year of 1850.

Submitted by Eddie & Carolyn Allred



THREE TREES

Submitted by Eddie Clay Allred
ecallred@asheboro.com

Once upon a mountain top, three little trees stood and dreamed of what they wanted to become when they grew up. The first little tree looked at the stars and said: "I want to hold treasure. I want to be covered with gold and filled with precious stones. I will be the most beautiful treasure chest in the world!"

The second little tree looked out at the small stream trickling by on its way to the ocean. "I want to be traveling mighty waters and carrying powerful kings. I'll be the strongest ship in the world!"

The third little tree looked down into the valley below where busy men and women worked in a busy town. "I don't want to leave the mountain top at all. I want to grow so tall that when people look at me, they'll raise their eyes to heaven and think of God. I will be the tallest tree in the world."

Years passed. The rains came, the sun shone and the three little trees grew tall. One day three woodcutters climbed the mountain. The first woodcutter looked at the first tree and said, "This tree is beautiful. It is perfect for me." With a swoop of his shining axe, the first tree fell. "Now I shall be made into a beautiful chest, I shall hold wonderful treasure!" The first tree said.

The second woodcutter looked at the second tree and said "This tree is strong, it is perfect for me." With a swoop of his shining axe the second tree fell. "Now I shall sail mighty waters" thought the second tree "I shall be a strong ship for mighty kings!"

The third tree felt her heart sink when the last woodcutter looked her way. She stood straight and tall and pointed bravely to heaven. But the woodcutter never even looked up. "Any kind of tree will do for me." he muttered. With a swoop of his shining axe the third tree fell.

The first tree rejoiced when the woodcutter brought her to a carpenter's shop, but the carpenter fashioned her into a feed box for animals. The once beautiful tree was not covered with gold nor with treasure. She was coated in sawdust and filled with hay for hungry farm animals.

The second tree smiled when the woodcutter took her to a shipyard, but no mighty sailing ship was made that day. Instead the once strong tree was hammered and sawed into a simple fishing boat. She was too small and too weak to sail to an ocean, or even a river, instead she was taken to a little lake.

The third tree was confused when the woodcutter cut her into strong beams and left her in a lumberyard. "What happened?" the once tall tree wondered "All I ever wanted was to stay on the mountain top and point to God."

Many many days and nights passed. The three trees nearly forgot their dreams. But one night golden starlight poured over the first tree as a woman placed her newborn baby in the feed box. "I wish I could make a cradle for him." her husband whispered. The mother squeezed his hand and smiled as the starlight shone on the smooth and sturdy wood. "This manger is beautiful" she said. And suddenly the first tree knew that he was holding the greatest treasure in the world.

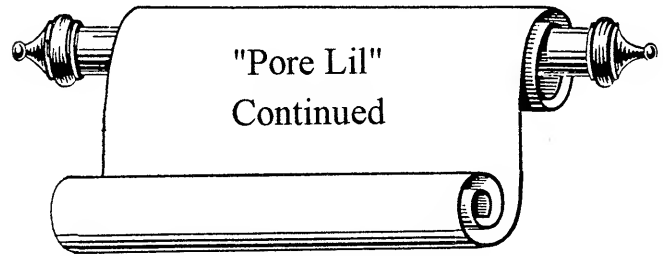
One evening a tired traveler and his friends crowded into the old fishing boat. The traveler fell asleep as the second tree sailed quietly out into the lake. Soon a thundering and thrashing storm arose. The little tree shuddered, she knew she didn't have the strength to carry so many passengers safely through the wind and the rain. The tired man awakened. He stood up, stretched out his hand and said "Peace". The storm stopped as quickly as it had begun. And suddenly the second tree knew that he was carrying the king of heaven and earth.

One Friday morning, the third tree was startled when her beams were yanked from the forgotten woodpile. She flinched as she was carried through an angry jeering crowd. She shuddered when soldiers nailed a man's hands to her. She felt ugly harsh and cruel. But, on Sunday morning, when the sun rose and the earth trembled with joy beneath her, the third tree knew that God's love had changed everything. It had made the third tree strong. And every time people thought of the third tree, they would think of God. That was better than being the tallest tree in the world.

So the next time you feel down because you didn't get what you wanted, just sit tight and be happy because God is thinking of something better to give you. And always remember "GOD LOVES YOU".

As the Christmas season approaches, may we all be reminded that: "Jesus is the Reason for the Season!"

Author Unknown



I got Stopped from y true love Zimry H I never will have nothing to do with no man I rote him a leter but got no answr So I aloud he was dead as his life was theaned as well as mine please tell Mahalia Allred I am alive oh how I Should Like to See my friends and Children but I dont Want to Live in hell enny more I have peace and plenty hear I work When I pleas and play When I pleas I have had Several persants Some money Some Cloths one pare of Shoes give mee by Ladies this is afine place for pore Woman I Could gat A dozn homes if I wanted but I expect to end my days mostly in travling I Could Come to you in a weak if I wanted to for I am in one mile of tha Rail rode that Leads from Ritchmond to Peters burg and on to Raleigh I Could Come to Raleigh in one day and Knight I Can hear the trains Every day on tha rode I saw the rail roade Last Wednsday When I went to town So I may end my Letter I Will tell you again how to Direct your letter

I remains your Sister till death dirchit this way

To Clemmons Allred and Silvina Allred

Miss Lann Giles and fater and Mother and all that Wants to hear from me

Lann Giles State of Virginia Chesterfield County ManChester Post Office

Addressed to: Mr. Clemms Allred Randolph County 183/4
North Carolina Franklinsville PO
Postmarked Manchester V.

ALLRED FAMILY ROSTER UPDATE

By Donald Clemont Allred

(Clement TWIN, Ephraim Lafayette, Reuben Warren,
James, William, Thomas, Mr.)

Everyone that had a good time at the reunion, please raise your hands. If you don't know about our annual Spring City reunion, subscribe to this fine newsletter and find out.

At the Reunion there were several folks that stopped by and asked "What's the Roster?" I guess next year I'll come better prepared with handouts.

So for the benefit of those that are just joining us I'll briefly say that the original purpose of the Allred Family Roster was to compile addresses and phone numbers for future reunion organizers.

When I found out that that I had a zillion cousins with surnames other than Allred, the genealogical component was added. After eight years and 112,000 names entered I see that my dad's comment that we have a big family was an understatement indeed!

If you have a computer, you can check out the Allred Family Roster web site at: <http://www.scvnet.net/~allred>

There is a "Surname Search" of the over 10,000 unique surnames in our family, guestbook & queries and (drum roll please) the "Every Name Index" where you can search for individual people in the Roster by given name and/or surname! Descendants, spouses and in-laws are included.

Selecting a descendant allows you to view their children. You can navigate up and down the family tree by selecting descendant or child.

So far we've had 2,300 visitors perform 16,000 searches. Check it out and let me know if the information you find is complete and accurate.

The 28th edition of the Allred Family Roster CD-ROM includes:

Over 62,000 linked descendants of the four supposed brother Thomas, William, Solomon and John.

8,500 + pages!

We have books too!

Textual versions of:

Kiss The Babies For Me

by Dawnell Hatton Griffin (Chell, Amanda Adeline, Ephraim Lafayette, Reuben Warren, James, William, Thomas, Mr.)

The Life And Times Of Byron Harvey Allred

by Byron David Stout (Mary Viola, Byron Harvey, William Moore, Isaac, William, Thomas, Mr.)

The Allred and Lineberry Families of Randolph County and The Clark and Henderson Families of Chatham County

by Linda Allred Cooper (Jack, Jesse Booker, George Scotton, Emsley, Jesse)

And What Did You Learn Today, Jackie

by Justin Leo "Jack" Fuell (Verda, Louis Ephraim, Ephraim Lafayette, Reuben Warren, James, William, Thomas, Mr.)

Justin and Zemona Cloward Fuell

by Justin Leo "Jack" Fuell Thomas Justin "Jack" and Verda Allred Fuell by Justin Leo "Jack" Fuell

Reddin Alexander Allred's Mission to Sandwich Islands Journal June 1, 1854 to February 6, 1855

Submitted by Loni Gardner (Lloyd Douglas, Cora May, Reddin Redick, Reddin Alexander TWIN, Isaac, William, Thomas, Mr.)

Diary of Reddin Reddick Allred August 25, 1883 to July 15, 1884

Compiled By Deanne Gardner (Loni Gayle, Lloyd Douglas, Cora May, Reddin Redick, Reddin Alexander TWIN, Isaac, William, Thomas, Mr.)

The 28th edition of the Allred Family Roster is available on CD-ROM for \$19.95 plus \$5.00 shipping and handling. CA residents add \$1.65 for sales tax.

Don Allred 17144 Barneston St.
Granada Hills, CA 91344 (818) 366-5776

If you have diaries, family histories and stories send me a copy and I'll include them in a future edition of the Roster CD-ROM. Publishing your histories in the Roster CD-ROM allows more people to enjoy them and THEY BECOME A PERMANENT RECORD.

Donations are appreciated in any amount.

To learn more about the Allred Family Roster please visit us at: <http://www.scvnet.net/~allred>

Till next time I remain one of your zillion cousins,

Don



AQUILLA TALMAGE JONES--Just added to AFO list! Left RUBY LILIA ALLRED JONES--4W-1 -9-1-4-3 Right - Wedding photo on the day of their marriage, 11/4/1915.

Submitted by Eddie & Carolyn Allred

Minutes of the Reuben Warren, Lucy Ann Butler Allred 1939 Reunion.

On Aug 5, 1939 in the grove at Riverside Park, just north of Provo, The Reuben Warren, Lucy Ann Butler Allred descendants gathered to do honor, once again to their progenitors.

Meeting commenced at 11: a.m. with President Thomas L. Allred presiding. Evinda Madson lead the group in singing "Oh Ye Mountain High."

Prayer was offered by Redrick R. Allred, who ask for blessing on his daughter Viella, who was in the L.D.8. Hospitals for an operation. Singing "Today While the Sun Shines"" The minutes of last years meeting were read by Emmeline Stapley. President

Allred welcomed the visitors and gave the plans for the day. Dorothy and Lucile Allred sang and short talks were given by a descendant of each of the eight children of Mr and Mrs Allred. Cynthia Allred Black was eulogized by her grand daughter Loa Black Hanson of Fillmore who read a letter from her Aunt Pearl Gibbs, second daughter of Cynthias, who regretted not being able to attend the meeting. Clark spoke of the descendants of Thomas B. Allred telling of their accomplishments, whereabouts etc. etc. He also spoke of his great Aunt Cynthia who was a midwife, and caused a laugh when he said "I can remember hearing her little buggy rattling down the street when she came to bring me into the world." That was the only tongue twister of the day.

Minnie Barney of Spring City, who was unable to be present, had sent a short history of the children of her Mother Lucy Ann Allred, which was read by Romania Allred.

Mrs Cleone Kirk of Pleasant Grove spoke of her grandmother Emmeline Allred Lund and her descendants telling of their successes and speaking of their being proud of their fine inheritance from their family.

Lee W. Allred spoke for the Reuben Warren jr. family and also paid tribute to the Butler side of the family. Telling of the fine character of James Butler, the father of Lucy Ann, and quoted words of praise which Joseph Smith spoke in his honor. Rane Martenson, grand daughter of Reuben jr. then read for US.

Mrs Evinda Madson, daughter of Eliza Allred, told us of her Mothers family of eleven children and paid respect to her father Redrick R. Allred who was present.

President Thomas L. Allred in the absence of his brother Lewis responded with a short talk about Ephriam L. Allred's family. He spoke of the Indian girl-Rachel-who was raised by his grandparents in such a way that even though she was dark skinned the children did not know that she was not their own blood sister until they grew up. There were no descendants of John L. Allred present, a fact regretted by all present.

Mrs Clara Allred, the oldest woman present, wife of Reuben Warren Allred Jr. was ask to stand and say a few words. She was eulogized by her son Lee Allred who introduced her sister Maude Acord a guest of the family. Reddick Allred spoke a few words. Brother Allred is

ninety years old, he admonished the members of the family to be loyal to all truth no matter where it comes from.

A report of the genealogical work done during the year was made by the secretary Inez B. Allred.

Singing "Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel." Clark Allred offered the closing Prayer.

Dinner was eaten at the grove after which the group assembled to effect a reorganization and make plans for next years meeting. Mrs Evinda Madsen of Ephriam was made President. with Mrs Loa Black Hanson, Fillmore Vice President. Secretary Iva Akin, Spring City. Genealogical committee Mrs Cleone Kirk, Pleasant Grove. and Lee W. Allred, Spring City. Historian Emmeline Stapley.

The-afternoon was then spent in games, stunts, and greeting friends of the family who called.

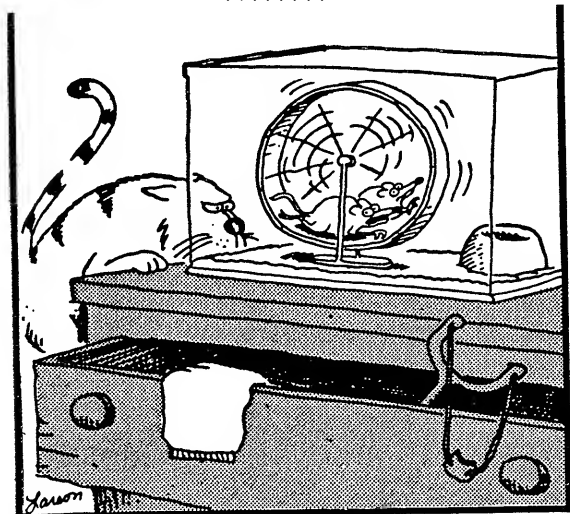
In the evening after the weinies and marshmallows were eaten, the young members of the family were most of them too full for utterance--not ninety year young Redrick R. Allred who furnished much of the entertainment

Thomas B. Allred and son Darrel sang and then Thomas and his wife sang. Don Martenson and Billy Reese sand "God Bless America" Evan Allred of Deseret read for us. Beth and Dorothy Allred sang and Jimmie Judd, not to be outdone, gave us a number of Mother Goose rhymes. Lela Ruth Allred and Yvonne Aiken sang.

The new president, Mrs Evinda Madson, had the old officers released with a hand for what they had done to make the day a success. She said the next reunion will be held here at this same time next year. Iva Aiken said the new officers had met and chosen the following member to serve on comets for next year.

Group singing brought the day to an end. Most of the retired for the night some of the younger ones finished their day at the Rainbow Gardens dancing. Members of the families were represented as follows: Cynthia 9 .. Thomas B sen. 22 .. Emmeline A. Lund 3 .. Eliz 10 .. Ephriam 36 .. Lucy Ann -- Reuben W. 23 .. John L -- Total 103 family members and guests about 20.

Inez B. Allred Secy.



"Faster! He's still there!"

PIONEER SON LAID TO REST

Newspaper Article Submitted by Ada A. Evans of Roy, Utah

Thomas Butler Allred died at 3:30 am, March 28th, 1931, of diabetes at the home of his son LeRoy Allred at Delta, Utah.

Mr. Allred was the son of Thomas Butler Allred and Francis Saxon Fretwell, and was born in Spring City, San Pete County, Utah. Here he grew to manhood and while a resident there he held several ecclesiastical positions.

In 1877 he moved to Deseret, where he has resided for the past thirty years. On May 28, 1890, he married Katie Cropper, who preceded him in death two years ago. He was the father of seven children, of whom four are living, namely, Clark Allred, and LeRoy Allred, of Delta, Leigh Allred of Deseret, and Thomas Butler Allred of Eureka. Besides his sons he is survived by 12 grand children, three half brothers, and one half sister. K. Parley Allred of San Francisco, Angus and Alpine Allred of Delta, and Emmeline A. Stapley of Hinkley, Utah, and many relatives throughout Utah and Idaho.

He was a farmer by occupation, raising, handling and selling many fine blooded horses and mules, and for several years he was a successful life insurance agent.

Funeral services were held at Deseret, Utah, March 30, 1931. Bishop Ephraim J. Eliason conducted the services. The ward choir under direction of veteran chorister Samuel W. Western sang, "Come, Come 'Ye Saints," "We Shall Meet Beyond the River," and "O My Father."

The speakers were John Henry Western, John Styler, Patriarch Willis E. Robison, Stake President Jos. T. Finlinson, and Bishop E. J. Eliason. All spoke of the deceased's sterling qualities and the pioneer work of the Allred Family in various parts of Utah.

Prof. Geo. M. Wright and Miss Snell of Hinkley High School; rendered a vocal solo, "Holy City." A male quartet composed of Dr. M. E. Bird, George Q. Wilchen, M. Ward Moody and Rulon Starley rendered a pleasing number.

Opening prayer was offered by Bishop Gardner of Delta first ward. Benediction by Peter T. Black of Delta, Utah. Pall bearers were his own four sons, Clark, LeRoy, Leigh, Thomas, and his two elder grandsons, Bryce and Butler.

The grave was dedicated by his son, Clark Allred.

UNSEEN FRIENDS

Although you are a friend of mine
And letters we exchange
I would not know you on the street
And doesn't that seem strange?

You hold a place within my life
Unusual and unique
We share ideals and special dreams
And still we do not speak

I picture what I think you are
Perhaps you picture me.
An intriguing game for both of us
For someone we cannot see.

So for this friendship we possess
We owe this mail a debt
Perhaps the charm lies in the fact
That we have never met.

HENRY ALRED 1696

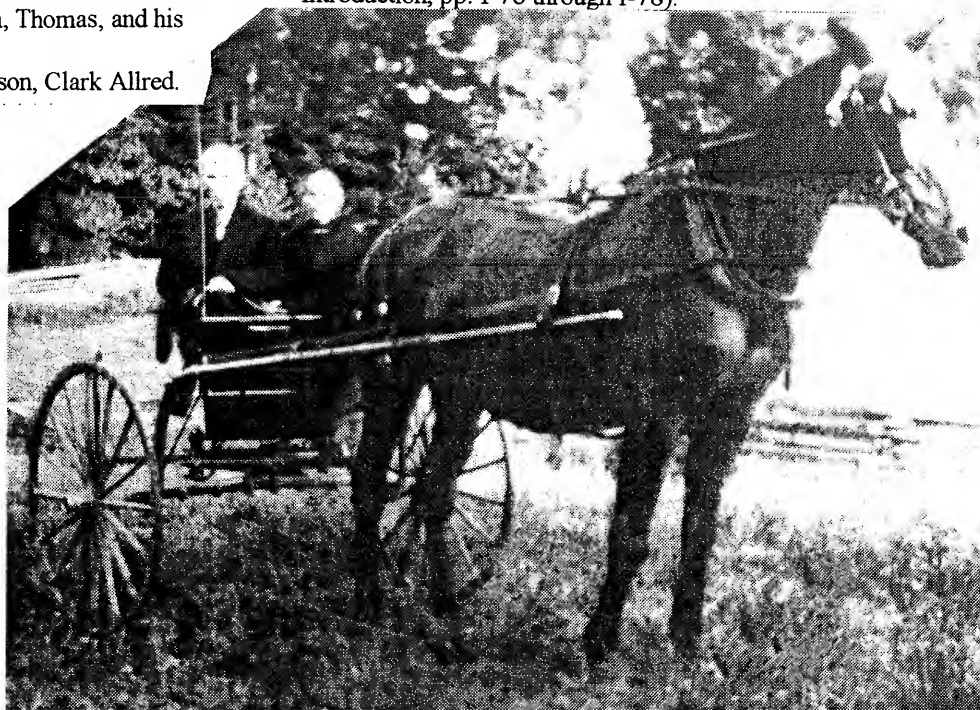
Northumberland County, Virginia

"Nov. 22, 1694 Henry Alred, assignee of Wm. Dickinson by his atty, Richard Haynie, declared that Thomas Hobson did bind and oblige himself to pay unto Wm. Dickinson of Somerset Co., in the Province of Md. or to his heirs, 10,300 pounds of tobacco upon demand after Oct. 1693. Sarah Dickinson was the executor of her brother, John Webb's will, and in D.B. [Deed Book] 1699 to '13 is named as Sarah Dickinson, former wife of Thomas Hobson dec'd. Sarah Webb Hobson, widow of Thos. Hobson, Sr. mar. 2d Wm. Dickinson of Md." Capt. Thomas Hobson (1665-1717), the son of Thomas Hobson and Sarah Webb, was "the most prominent member of this family. He was a county clerk, Captain of militia, church warden, and Burgess from Northumberland." Further, "On Oct. 25, 1710 during the incumbency of Capt. Hobson as clerk, a fire at the courthouse destroyed many of the record books from 1672. Some of the old wills and deeds were recorded again in a book provided especially for the purpose and described as follows: 'This book contains the Records of Those papers which have been presented unto the County Court of Northumberland and by the Justices of the said Court admitted to record again, they having been formerly recorded and the books of Records in which they had been recorded burned with the office, the 25th day of October Anno Domini, one thousand seven hundred and ten.

T e s t .

Thos. Hobson - Clerk."

(Swem, E.G., *Virginia Historical Index*, Vol. I, Gloucester, MA, 1965 referring to the following article: Tyler, Lyon G., M.A., LL.D., Editor, *Tyler's Quarterly Historical and Genealogical Magazine*, Vol. VIII, Richmond Press, Inc., Printers, Richmond, VA, 1927, pp. 128-129 [Thomas Hobson and Some of His Descendants]. See also Allred, Rulon C., *Allred Family in America*, Wm. R. Bishoff, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1966, Introduction, pp. I-76 through I-78).



BURGESS SHERMAN ALLRED--#W-1-9-1-4
YOUTH MAUDIA LOWDERMILK ALLRED#W-1 -9-1-4
Burgess & Maudia Allred home place, 2 miles North of Cedar Falls, Randolph County, N.C. Family buggy & mule named, "Bert". Year of 1927. Submitted by Eddie & Carolyn Allred

ON THE LIGHT SIDE

Submitted by Linda Allred Cooper

Have you heard about the keen young genealogist? He spent his weekends tramping through graveyards, down at the Archives, etc. and spent his weekdays working in an office building.

One day a new young woman started work in his office, and he was smitten with her. He started talking to her at every available opportunity, and finally convinced her to go a restaurant with him after work. They spent a nice evening eating and drinking, and ended up back at her place.

Well, the next thing you know it's midnight and he jumps out of her bed, saying "My wife will be wondering where I am!". While driving home he's wondering what to do when he gets there. He parks the car in the driveway, gets his dirty boots and clipboard out of the boot, rubs his face in some bushes to scratch it up a bit, then sneaks into the house. His wife is still awake, waiting for him, and says, in a tone to freeze the blood, "Where have YOU been?!"

He sighs - "Well dear, I met this attractive young woman at work, went out to dinner with her, and the next thing you know we're in bed together..."

"Don't you lie to me you @!#\$@!#\$, you've been to that bloody cemetery again haven't you?"

Five surgeons were taking a coffee break and comparing notes. "I think accountants are the easiest to operate on," the first one said. "You open then up, and all the parts are numbered." The second said, "I think librarians are the easiest. You open them up and all the parts are in alphabetical order." The third said, "I like engineers --- they always understand when you have parts left over at the end." The fourth said, "I like genealogists, because they always understand when nothing connects like it is supposed to." The last surgeon said, "I prefer to operate on lawyers. They are heartless, spineless and gutless, and their heads and rear ends are interchangeable."

Know why the University of Illinois graduates put their diplomas on the dashboard of their cars?

So they can park in handicap spaces.



RESEARCH

Submitted by Susan Bellon

sbellon@uwin.com

I received the AFO research materials from LouAnn Blakely recently and am studying them to become more familiar with what has been done and what we already know about our Allred lines.

I am very impressed with the work that has been done. The 9 volumes on the four North Carolina Allreds of the 1700s, Solomon, William, John and Thomas are most impressive. This work was done by Dawnell Griffin and Earlene Smart. I commend them for their thorough research!

We also have some very interesting information on the English Allreds that holds promise, as well as some things I haven't yet gotten to. I am excited about some new leads we have received that may connect some of the research we have down and are doing presently.

A great deal of research has been done and a great deal more needs to be done on all our Allred lines. I am in the process of forming a research committee, and have some fine people willing to help. By the next AFN, I will be able to give you more details and who they are and what directions we will be going in our research.

I ask for the help of all of you out there, wherever you are, to help us tie in our missing relatives. We need to find information all as many Allred lines as possible and that will require input from our members.

Please feel free to contact me with questions, suggestions, information, requests for what information I might have, or to volunteer your services.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR ALLREDS

Submitted By Dawnell Griffin griffin@burgoyne.com

In Gray's Chapel in Randolph Co., NC there are two markers, one for William Allred Sr and one for John Allred (his son): William Allred Sr. North Carolina PV I NC Cav Militia Revolutionary War 1732 - 1836. John Allred North Carolina PV I NC Cav Militia Revolutionary War 1764-1850.

These are both new makers and I do not know who provided the information. An older, much worn stone reads: W. Allred Esq Born Aug 8th 1765 D. Jan 24th 1869..

This last marker, William Allred Esquire, refers to the older William's son, William who was married to Patience Julian. He would only have been ten years old when the Revolution began. I have a son, Elijah, for this William, but again he wouldn't have been born, let alone fought in the Revolution.

However, I do have some interesting information on John Allred who did do some actual fighting. You are probably aware that this is Eddie Clay Allred's line. How much information he has on the subject, I don't know but will be glad to write what I do know. John Allred was the son of William Allred and Elizabeth Diffie. There is some controversy as to his age and the length of his service during the Revolutionary war. A solution to this problem might be presented in his pension record. As early as 1776, the Continental Congress granted pensions and public land to veterans of the war who remained on active duty to the end of the conflict. This also applied to those dependents of

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Teri C. Allred
allredtc@aol.com

In response to the statement by Gary D. Allred that appeared in the Summer, 1997, issue of the Allred Family Newsletter, "We feel that Archibald F. Bennett made an error when he took the Allred's into Virginia and changed the name", I would like to state that this position is without merit or supporting documentation. Since Mr. Bennett is deceased, he can't defend himself.

Archibald F. Bennett had a B.A. and M.A. from the University of Utah. In 1961 he was elected a Fellow of the American Society of Genealogists recognizing the quality of his written contributions to the field of genealogy. He wrote many genealogy books, including the first genealogical textbooks, and was a much sought-after speaker. Mr. Bennett was, for many years, the editor of Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine and was, for over 30 years, the head librarian of what was to become the Family History Library in Salt Lake City. He is credited with being largely responsible for the microfilming program began by the Church and starting the system of family history centers located throughout the world, now numbering about 2,000. Mr. Bennett was the seventh individual and the first member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to be elected to the National Genealogy Hall of Fame.

While I respect anyone's right to an opinion, it would be a great service to the readers of the newsletter if Mr. Bennett's honors, experience and credentials were noted along with unsupported opinions, since I know that a majority of the readers are unaware that he is so highly respected. If real **proof** is ever found showing that Mr. Bennett was in error, the researchers should write a well-documented article, citing sources, and submit it to The National Genealogical Society Quarterly. If such an article is selected for publication, genealogists of national reputation and credentials will be convinced that Archibald F. Bennett was in error in this instance. It happens once in awhile that a well-respected genealogist is found to be in error, but it is very difficult to get an article in print unless it is well-documented with fully cited source documents and very well written. You can't discredit such a person by stating that you feel they were in error. If an article is ever published proving that Mr. Bennett really was in error, it would **then** be appropriate to make the announcement in the Allred Family Newsletter.

I know for a fact that there has been more evidence uncovered in the past few years to further support Archibald F. Bennett's thesis because I have found some of it and other researchers have sent me documents that definitely prove that Mr. Bennett was **not** in error at all. I've read Mr. Bennett's thesis several times and have used it as a guide for further research.

Thank you for taking the time to read and consider my response.

Teri Cochran Allred

Accredited Genealogist, Midwestern and Southern States
P.O. Box 185, Versailles, Missouri 65084

EDWARD CLAY ALLRED--#W-1-9-1-4-5 Left. EPSIE OLIVE ALLRED--#W-1-9-1-4-6 Right. Brick Yard Church, Cedar Falls, Randolph County, N.C. Year of 1908.

Submitted by Eddie & Carolyn Allred

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Pat,

On March 2, 1997, we were traveling south on I-15 near Mesquite, Nevada when we were rear-ended by a semi-truck. There were eight family members in our van. Two of us were life-flighted to the University Medical Center in Las Vegas and the others arrived in three separate ambulances. There was a film crew from New York City making a documentary in the trauma center when we arrived. Our story was shown on the segment of "Trauma: Life in the E.R." which appeared September 30, 1997 on The Learning Channel (TLC). We will send a copy to whomever is taking care of the photo archives for preservation. Three of our children are still under medical care from the accident, but at least we are alive. The accident happened 5 days after we had the children sealed to us in the Salt Lake Temple (my husband and I were sealed in the Washington, DC Temple in 1994 and our two sons that are now serving missions were both sealed to us in 1996, Denver Temple).

Teri C. Allred

Dear Teri,

I happened to be watching that program and was stunned to hear them talking about the Allred family's terrible accident. It was incredible that all survived such serious injuries. Wayne E. Allred is our photo archives chairman and we would really appreciate a copy of the segment from ER. Thank You and good luck to you and your family. Pat



ALLRED STORIES

Submitted by Peggy Lynch

The following stories were recorded and written by my great-grandfather, Asa Newton Allred. He was the son of Maria Josephine Stock and Medwin Newton Allred, the 5th son of William Moore Allred. Asa was born 5 Aug. 1879, at Garden City, Rich, Utah. He married Polly Uretta Richardson on July 5, 1905, in the Logan Temple. From the ten typed-written pages of his, "My Many Personal Testimonies" I have chosen a few stories that I thought would be interesting and informative for the Allreds of America:

"Father moved his family to Star Valley, Wyoming in November of 1894. We built a new log home one-half mile east of Fairview. Father passed away in July of 1895, leaving Mother with nine children, the youngest being 18 months old. One time, a neighbor was driving a wild cow and she ran down around our corral. I had a large pile of wood piled just outside the garden fence. The even end was even with the gate. I thought I could help him get her away from the yard. I was right at the gate when she came around the woodpile. The second she saw me, she dived at me like she would a dog. She wasn't 20 feet from me. I had a hammer in my right hand and as she dived at me I jumped to the left and came down with that hammer, caught her right behind the horns and killed her dead. She didn't miss me but 3 inches with those sharp horns. The neighbor told me to get him a butcher knife. I did and he cut her throat, dressed her, and gave me one-fourth of that four-legged-devil for killing her!

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"In 1897, two years after Father passed away, I drove Mother and the eight boys to Stake Conference. It was the first time I ever remember seeing Elder B.H. Roberts. He was the new one of the 7 Presidents of the Seventies' Quorum. As he started his address, he said, 'On a bright sunny morning, there appeared a dark cloud. It began to spread so rapidly that within a few hours time the whole canopy was dark. Then a flash of lightning, a rumbling and rolling and then a downpour of rain.' speaking to the 70's he said, 'Now if the heavens can't put on a demonstration without preparation, what can you do?' I've never heard a statement that seemed to go through me like that one did. On our way home I said to Mother, 'If I am ever called on a mission, I want that man to set me apart.'

"Three years later I got a call from Pres. Lorenzo Snow to go on a mission to the southern states and to appear at General Conference at Salt Lake in April of 1900. As we met in council meeting, there were 23 elders to be set apart. There being so many, the 7 Presidents decided to separate to save time. Twelve of the elders left for one room and I was left with the 11 and to my sorrow, B.H. Roberts went with the twelve, although I had prayed for the privilege of B.H. Roberts setting me apart. The three presidents started setting the elders apart at the opposite end of the bench from where I sat. Just as they said 'amen' on the 10th one, there came a tap, tap on the door and in walked the other four Presidents. All seven of them laid their hands on my head and B.H. Roberts set me apart! If ever there was a prayer answered, that one was. As he spoke, he said, 'You will be hated and despised. You will be threatened of being whipped and mobbed. But if you will honor the Priesthood, obey the council over you, you will go in peace and return in safety. You will even be shot at. You have been given the gift of healing, even the dead will live through administration under your hands.' After this we were on our way.

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"We went to Chattanooga, Tenn. And my first companion was Ed Budge, son of the president of the Bear Lake Stake--a very

fine young man about my age. We went to our field of labor. The first meeting we held was in a little old log school house in Macon Co., Tenn. There were about a half dozen people present. All the light we had was three oil lamps, a round wick about the size of your thumb--no chimney. Ed was talking. I sat with my back to a bog hole in the wall for a window, with a plank nailed across the space. All of a sudden people began throwing rocks on the house--hundreds of them. One large rock about the size of your fist struck the plank behind me, knocked it off and it fell across my shoulders. The rock rolled in by my feet. The people put out the lights and told a young man to take us down through the timber and around to the house where we were staying. As we left there were three or four shots fired. I thought then that my promises were being fulfilled very suddenly.

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"While in Putnam County, we came insight of a large sawmill. We could see 25 to 30 men at work. As we drew nearer, we noticed the men disappearing. By the time we got to the mill, there was not a man in sight. I wanted to look the mill over a bit, but all of a sudden there came a shotgun blast and the shot hit on all sides of us. We took the hint! We were not wanted, so started on when another blast came with the same results. How in the world that shot could light on all sides of us and not one pellet hit either of us or our cases, we could never understand. But that was the promise.

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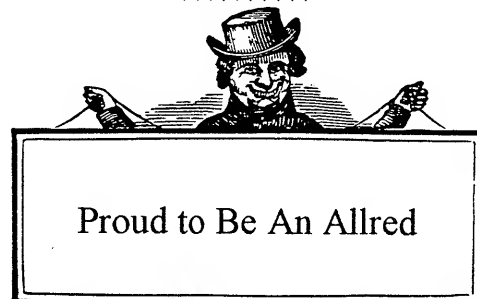
"The first holidays of 1900 we got a letter from the president, telling us to find a friend where we could stay the whole Christmas week and not get out at all. It was bootlegging time and so much drinking. We had a fine friend who had asked us to come any time--H.A. Dreman. He was one of the best friends anyone ever had, but his wife was a devil. She was a minister's daughter. She was never in the same room we were at the same time the whole week that we were there.

"We three were sitting on the south porch on Christmas day. Two of the little girls were playing in a big white topped buggy and the smaller one fell out, over the front end gate. I saw her fall. She lit on her forehead and her body laid flat on its back so her face lay in the dirt and the back of her head square between her shoulders. It was about two rods from us. I ran and picked her up. I had to go through a gate, that, of course, slowed me down some. I laid her on her father's lap, ran around the house into our bedroom, got the consecrated oil that was in my suitcase, ran back, and handed it to the Elder to anoint her. The father said, 'Wait a moment,' then said to his wife as she stood three or four rods away, 'You have always fought these men, now I want you to remember and watch!'

"Elder Sowards anointed her and then I sealed the anointing and just the second I said 'Amen' the little girl took a long breath. He said, 'That's the first breath that she has taken since you laid her on my lap. If ever I am sick, I'll have the Elders, even if I have to send to Salt Lake and pay their expenses both ways!'"

Asa Newton Allred died in Salt Lake City, Utah, on Dec 16, 1968. He was one of the kindest, most faithful men I ever knew.

Peggy Lynch - P. O. Box 63 - Pinesdale, Montana 59841



Justin L. "Jack" Fuell
10011 N. McGinnis Road
Marana, AZ 85653-9001

YOUNG LION HUNTERS

I'm enjoying some success as a writer and feel that much of that success is due to Zane Grey's influence when I was growing up in Utah's Mountains. Zane had a way with words that dragged me right into the middle of his tales. I climbed his mountains, descended bottomless canyons with him, and clung to barely existing trails while I sat on sweating horses, and listened to their labored breathing. I heard their shod hooves ring against stones along the trail, and felt their muscles strain as we climbed toward whatever distant peaks we sought. Zane Grey could drag me into those scenes so completely that I smelled horse sweat, pine trees along the trail, and even--almost--felt the sores where man and saddle meet.

We left Neola when I was sixteen but I'd done just about everything any other cowboy or lumber jack had ever done in those mountains. Lyle and Miles Allred, my uncles, and I dreamed up stuff that took the rough edges of boredom off our ho-hum lives and often placed us at danger's ground-zero and right in the middle of harm's way. Anything we hadn't done, though, we could find described in Zane Grey's books. We liked Zane Grey.

Doing things like that was natural for us in the Uintah Mountains because we had cousins that actually hunted lions for a living. Grandpa's cousin, Vern Allred, was a Government Trapper out in the Uintah Basin and he was famous. Vern was also a Rodeo Star and lost an eye when he and a steer got together in all the wrong ways during a bull dogging event. Did you know that Vern and his brother Ervin once saved my life? They did.

Zane had a series of books for young readers, too. I seem to recall that their titles were something like: Young this or Young that. I vividly recall his book: Young Lion Hunters. I grabbed that thing off the shelf at the High School Library and one look at the cover told me that this was the adventure where I'd excel. I decided that I'd use that book as a "how to" manual and I'd become famous and rich as Utah's best Lion Hunter.

I climbed inside the covers of *The Young Lion Hunters* and lived absorbed in the words printed there. I rode canyon rims, searched red sandstone ledges, camped among pinon pines and juniper-cedars of Zane Grey's world. I ran the dogs with Zane, and climbed those rugged Utah mountains in my quest of mountain lions. I learned everything there was to know about dragging live cougars out of pinon pines in those badlands. I was ready and anxious to get togged-out and head for the Bookcliffs or maybe Willow Creek where I could catch a bunch of lions and become rich and famous like my Allred cousins.

Dad wouldn't even let me go up into the sandstone cliffs above Monarch and Montwell and hunt cougars up there because: I had no gear, I had no dogs, I had no horses, I had no one to go with me, and I was fourteen years old. That's about the way things stood on the day when the Allreds saved my life. Actually, I'm not even sure it was they who saved me. When I think about the incident it seems that Ervin was working with either his son Nye or Rusty and maybe it was they who saved my hide. But before I lose your interest let me finish my story.

We were gathered near Neola's General Store. Down the road came two guys on horseback and they were leading, or perhaps dragging, a pet between them. As they drew closer we heard a community gasp and the exclamation, "COUGAR!" That's what it was, too. Those Allreds were leading a live cougar between them right down the road into the middle of town.

I crowded in as near as I dared, which was as close as any of the other cowboys or farmers got, and stood where I could see what those guys were doing. Boy, I'll tell you that they had one unhappy cat strung-out between them on the ends of their lariats. I looked at the hate that seethed in that cougar's yellow, burning, eyes and I knew that I wasn't made out of the kind of stuff to be a lion hunter. In fact I wanted to turn their cougar loose.

So that's the whole story of how Vern and Ervin Allred saved my life. They showed me some important things that Zane Grey didn't write in his books and so I never went lion hunting. I might have weakened in time and changed my mind but World War II came along and messed-up our lives. When I got back home four years later I worked in Park City's mines, was busy feeding Beeba and my babies and I'd forgotten all about lions, and horses, and cowboys. I still read Zane Grey, though.



Guest Book Cont.

Most comprehensive genealogical site that I have seen.
Congratulations Withers, Cranston Frederick
with@iafrica.com

What a lot of work! I am searching for surnames SMOTHERS, or SMETHERS, and SHAPPARD, or SHEPPARD. Shappard origins were SCHAPHARD from Chilcen, Germany. Came to America in 1850. Finally, settled in Massac County, Illinois. Smothers came from England and finally settled in Williamson County, Illinois. Any help would be appreciated. Glenda Meyers Moline, IL

gsmeyers@aol.com

Looking for any information regarding Elizabeth Allred who married Richard Holmes in Norwich, Norfolk, England in 1797. Any hints, tips, leads, info would be greatly appreciated.

Pam Adams Merced, GA padamsl@cell2000.net

I am a defended from John-Thomas-William Allred 1706-1766. Love your page. Will leave a note soon. Wonder if anyone knows if these branches were Revolutionary War Veterans? What religion were the Allreds originally? Kenneth W. Congrove Jr. Vancouver, WA KwCongrove@aol.com

I was married; however, I never changed my name to his. "Allred" I was born with and "Allred" I will keep for the rest of my life. By the way -- I am a red-head Allred! Can you believe it?

Vicki F. Allred Kenosha, WI vickia@nomad.net

OINK ALLRED

Submitted by Don Allred

My progenitors: (Clement TWIN, Ephraim Lafayette, Reuben Warren, James, William, Thomas, Mr....)

This is a story told to me by my father Clement Allred about how the name Oink Allred came to be. It has been told many times over the years, changing a little bit with each telling. Here's the basic story:

Being bored one night the Allred boys, Justin and the twins Clem & Mont decided to "borrow" their father's wagon and head out into the countryside for fun and adventure.

A few miles down the road one of the boys suggested that they play a Halloween trick on an old farmer they didn't like very much.

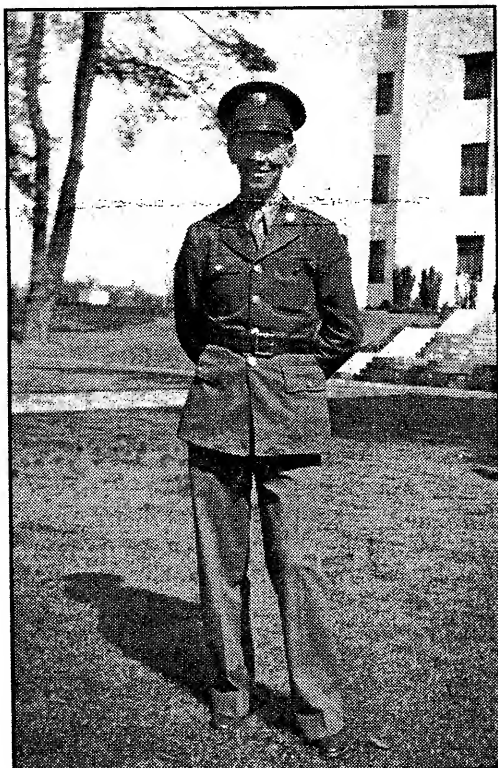
While Justin kept the horses quiet, Clem and Mont crept over to the old farmer's pig pen and selected one small enough to carry. The pig not wanting any part of this began a loud protest which woke up the old farmer who made it to the door in time to see one of his prize pigs disappear into the night. Without delay, the old farmer telephoned the sheriff who promptly set up a roadblock to catch the pig thieves.

As the boys were congratulating themselves on a job well done they saw the sheriff's roadblock just ahead. Thinking quickly, Justin looked in the back of the wagon and found a bonnet and dress which he placed on the pig.

At the roadblock the sheriff said that he and his deputy were looking for a pig thief and asked the boys for their names. Justin who was driving said "I'm Justin Allred". The sheriff pointed to the next boy who replied "I'm Clem and this is my twin brother Mont". Next in line was the pig (in a dress and bonnet) who didn't say anything.

The sheriff pointed to the pig and asked its name. Mont poked the pig which promptly responded with a loud "oink".

After a few more questions the sheriff let the boys go. The sheriff turned to his deputy and said "those Allred boys are sure handsome but that Oink Allred is the ugliest son-of-a-gun I ever did see."



Elwin and
Grace B. Allred



ELWIN & GRACE ALLRED

Allreds' 50th Anniversery

Elwin and @ B. Allred will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary on Dec. 6, 1997.

Elwin was born 1912, in Paris, Idaho, the second of three children to Parley and Pearl Allred. He graduated from Preston High School and then moved to Logan, Utah where he worked as a compositor for the Herald Journal Newspaper and Printing Company until the beginning of the Second World War. He entered the United States Army and during his service in the 104th Timberwolf Infantry Division exper enced combat and had many harrowing experiences as he walked with his division across Europe. His unit liberated the Nordhausen Death Camp. During this time he was wounded and received the Purple Heart and was given the Bronze Star for valor.

After the war he returned to Logan and resumed his career with the Herald Printing Company. It was there that he met Grace and they were married on the Dec. 6, 1947.

REMEMBERING OUR VETERANS

Elwin Allred

At age 30, Elwin Allred was drafted in 1943 and was assigned to the famous 104th "Timberwolf" Infantry Division. This veteran division broke through some of the toughest enemy defensive positions in Europe including seizing the Port of Antwerp and tearing through the so-called "impenetrable dragon's teeth" at Brandt, Germany. Elwin won't admit it, but I am aware he saved at least two of his comrades during those awful months of hand-to-hand combat.

Note from Pat: These were newspaper clippings from the Herald Journal of Logan, Utah. Elwin says he is the grandson of Marvin Allred, and that's as far back as he can go.

Revolutionary War Allreds Cont.

soldiers killed in battle. In 1818, 1820 and 1826 additional benefits were granted, but it was not until 1832 that surviving Indian spies, soldiers in the Continental Line, state troops, volunteers and militia were also placed on the lists of those eligible for pensions, provided they had served for a term of six months. In June of 1832, John Allred applied for a pension. In his application, John "made oath that he entered the serves of the United States a privet and volunteer of cavalry under Captain Thomas Doogon in the spring of seventeen hundred and eighty one, for the purpose of subduing one Dol. Fanning, a tory, and that he surved until the next spring whitch to the Best of his Recolection was the Rise of one year that when he entered the surves as a fore said." He also stated that he had received a discharge, but that he had given it to his father and "it is Long since mis lade." Because of the fear of "truble and expences, old age and feebleness of body," he solicited his friend, Thomas Branson, to go to court and enter his claim. Thomas certified that he had known John Allred for many years and knew him to be man of good moral character and "impeachable varasity!"

William Allred is listed on the DAR list. Darrell Allred of North Carolina was in possession of two certificates which he forwarded to me: Accounts of United States with North Carolina War of Revolution, Book C., page 114 and North Carolina Revolutionary Army Accounts Vol. XII, page 67, folio 2. The first report #83 is dated July 1783, p. 88, report No. 84 (undated) and report # 85 dated 11 may 1784, p. 136 "For Sundries furnish'd and Cash paid the Militia of North Carolina, Virginia and South Carolina as Allow'd by the Auditors of Hillsboro District P Report 84. 11 Pounds 4 shillings. The second is "An Account of Specie Certificates paid into the Comptrolers office by John Armstrong Entry Taker for Lands in North Carolina," granted to William Aldred from Mebane and Nichols, September 1783. 27 Pounds 6 shillings. Interest 1 pounds Shillings 8 d to 25th may 1784. The total amount, principal and interest was 28 pounds 8 shillings 8 pence.

Apparently, this Allred family's involvement in the war, escalated with Fannen's raid on the farm which was described in Brazilla C. Allred's account. Another account of what took place at that time was printed in the Asheboro Courier on December 6, 1926.**

Mary Allred, documented daughter of John Allred and Sarah Spencer was married to Alexander Gray on the 11th of February 1829 in Randolph County, NC.. One final note: According to John's brother, William who wrote to his son, Elijah in 1843, things were not going so well for the old Revolutionary Soldier... "John is scuffling along with a great gang of negores, hard beset to make matters meet some owing to the bad conduct of two of his sons. John and Claburn is doing no good. John's property is under execution & to be sold next Monday and I don't see any way he has to prevent them from being sold, and he is not all that's borne down by hard times & no money and it is hard enough for them that tries to pay their debts & I don't see where those that don't try to pay their debts can grand their hope that they will fair any better.

The other information I have on John Allred who fought in the Revolutionary War comes from "The Southern Calif 'Searcher', Vol. 6 p. 72 .. The Reverend Reminiscences...

Rita Brown made reference to this document when she first

made contact over the Internet... Barzilla Caswell Allred wrote the following in 1922.

He says, in addition to the fact that his great-grandfather, William Allred, was born and reared to manhood in Pennsylvania....."that when the Revolutionary war came close, my grandfather, John Allred, shouldered his flintlock rifle and fought for the freedom of the American colonies to the end of the war. The fact of my grandfather's fighting against the British aroused the anger of Col. David Fannen, the leader of the Tories or British sympathizers, and he and his band of men went to my great-grandfather's in search of John, my grandfather, who happened to be at home. He saw them coming, snatched up his gun and secreted himself in the attic, and it so happened that they did not go up there to search for him. My great-grandfather also saw them approaching, took up his gun and ran out northwest of the house and lay down behind a large rock. I have seen the rock and played around it many times when I was a boy. He could see Fannen and his men from his hiding place when they went out to his crib, later opened the crib door and let many barrels of corn run out, did the same at another log crib, then turned their horses loose in the lot to eat and trample the corn into the red mud. When they had eaten all they wanted them to have, they saddled them up and started on towards the western part of the county.

My great-grandfather had a sprightly Negro by the name of Kiltyre whom Fannen took with him. The first night they spent at the widow Kindley's near the river, who had a good many slaves. Kiltyre seemd so delighted with his new friends that Fannen told him to go down to the negro cabins and spend the night; but Kiltyre never got to the cabins, and the next morning was at home, where he remained until the old Master's death. In the division of the estate, Kiltyre fell to my grandfather, where he spent the balance of his life. My grandfather and all the children thought a great deal of Kiltyre, and built him a little home in the lane, about 200 yards north of his own house, and allowed him a great many privileges that he did not allow his other slaves. Kiltyre spent many of his last years in that little log cabin in the lane, and from it his spirit went out into the Great Beyond. I never saw him, for he died several years before I was born, but I heard my father and mother speak of him often that I feel like I ought to know him.....

Barzilla's grandfather was John Allred and his father, Claiborne Allred, the youngest son of John and his wife Sarah Spencer Allred. Claiborne married Orpha Russell.

**The story "Killi" can be found in AFN#28 and titled "KILLI" How Negro Slave Outwitted Leader of a Tory Band. And at the Same Time Saved Stolen Hats From the Marauders..



NOTES & QUERIES

Notice: I am compiling information on the family of Reuben Warren Allred and Lucy Ann Butler and eventually (hopefully in the not too distant future) intend to publish. Anyone with data on this couple, their children and grandchildren are invited to contribute. I am interested in genealogical data and documentation, histories, photographs, copies of old letters, memorabilia etc. Thank you for your interest. My e-mail address is ... griffin@burgoyne.com or regular post RR 1 Box 168 Fairview, Utah 84629.

Has anyone ever written anything on the Grady Allred who founded the K & W Cafeteria restaurant chain? Are there K & W's out west? They are everywhere on the east coast, mainly in malls or shopping centers, known for their low prices, variety and good food. To my knowledge, he was born and raised in the Gray's Chapel community before moving to Winston-Salem. He donated large amounts of money to Gray's Chapel UMC over the years and was well known and liked.

Many of the older folks in Randolph Co. NC knew him and as we're interviewing them, they talk about him a lot. In many cases, he was the "boy who made good", the rich and famous member of the family.

Linda Allred Cooper lacooper@compuserve.com

GRANDMA AND THE FAMILY TREE

Submitted by Shelia C. Allred Concord, North Carolina
JAGNATL1@aol.com

There's been a change in Grandma, we've noticed her of late,
She's always reading history or jotting down some date.
She's tracking back the family, we'll all have pedigrees.
Oh, Grandma's got a hobby, she's climbing Family Trees.

Poor Grandpa does the cooking and now, or so he states,
That worst of all, he has to wash the cups and dinner plates.
Grandma can't be bothered, she's busy as a bee
Compiling genealogy - for the Family Tree.

She has no time to baby-sit, the curtains are a fright,
No buttons left on Grandad's shirt, the flower bed's a sight.
She's given up her club work, the serials on TV,
The only thing she does nowadays is climb the Family Tree.

She goes down to the courthouse and studies ancient lore,
We know more about our forebears than we ever knew before.
The books are old and dusty, they make poor Grandma sneeze,
A minor irritation when you're climbing Family Trees.

The mail is all for Grandma, it comes from near and far,
Last week she got the proof she needs to join the DAR.
A worthwhile avocation, to that we all agree,
A monumental project, to climb the Family Tree.

Now some folks came from Scotland and some from Galway Bay,
Some were French as pastry, some German, all the way.
Some went on west to stake their claim, some stayed near by the sea,
Grandma hopes to find them all as she climbs the Family Tree.

She wanders through the graveyard in search of date or name,
The rich, the poor, the in-between, all sleeping there the same.
She pauses now and then to rest, fanned by a gentle breeze
That blows above the Fathers of all our Family Trees.

There were pioneers and patriots mixed in our kith and kin
Who blazed the paths of wilderness and fought through thick and thin.
But none more staunch than Grandma, whose eyes light up with glee
Each time she finds a missing branch for the Family Tree.

Their skills were wide and varied, from carpenter to cook
And one (Alas!) the record shows was hopelessly a crook.
Blacksmith, weaver, farmer, judge, some tutored for a fee,
Long lost in time, now all recorded on the Family Tree.

To some it's just a hobby, to Grandma it's much more,
She knows the joys and heartaches of those who went before.
They loved, they lost, they laughed, they wept, and now for you and me
They live again in spirit, around the Family Tree.

At last she's nearly finished and we are each exposed.
Life will be the same again, this we all supposed!
Grandma will cook and sew, serve cookies with our tea.
We'll all be fat, just as before that wretched Family Tree.

Sad to relate, the Preacher called and visited for a spell,
We talked about the Gospel, and other things as well,
The heathen folk, the poor and then - 'twas fate, it had to be,
Somehow the conversation turned to Grandma and the Family Tree.

We tried to change the subject, we talked of everything
But then in Grandma's voice we heard that old familiar ring.
She told him all about the past and soon was plain to see
The preacher, too, was nearly snared by Grandma and the Family Tree.

He never knew his Grandpa, his mother's name was ... Clark?
He and Grandma talked and talked, outside it grew quite dark.
We'd hoped our fears were groundless, but just like some disease,
Grandma's become an addict - she's hooked on Family Trees!

Our souls were filled with sorrow, our hearts sank with dismay,
Our ears could scarce believe the words we heard our Grandma say,
"It sure is a lucky thing that you have come to me,
I know exactly how it's done, I'll climb your Family Tree!"

Author Unknown



*ALLRED FAMILY ROSTER
GUEST BOOK & QUERRIES*

From: Don Allred dcallred@pacbell.net

Here are some guest book entries since the last newsletter.

Please visit us at: <http://www.scvnet.net/~allred>

You have a very nice page, you actually have some MALIN's in the surname page, amazing. Usually a hard name to find. If anyone is searching MALIN or CRUSEMIRE, please contact me. Thanks Kathy Malin Williams

Kathy Malin Williams FT Mead, MD

willie@smart.net

I'm a member of the East Coast Allreds, a newly formed branch of the Allred Family Organization. We're busy collecting information on all Allreds still living in the Randolph County, NC area. We want to locate, identify and place all Allreds on our family tree. You can contact me either by e-mail, phone: (919) 542-3077 or mail: P.O. Box 415, Pittsboro, NC 27312.

Linda Allred Cooper Pittsboro, NC

LACooper@CompuServe.com

I am descended from Isaac Allred: his daughter Mary Caroline md. Joseph Egbert; My husband is descended from Isaac also: Joseph Anderson Allred. So, we're 4th cousins: and our 4 children are 5th cousins to each other. My father's parents, John James and Myrtle Maria Egbert, were first cousins, both descended from Isaac. So, I'm twice the Allred my husband is! We are looking forward to information about the Allred Reunion in Spring City 1998. We've been having Egbert/Beckstead reunions in Mt. Pleasant the 4th of July weekend for the past 4-5 years. Ann (Egbert) Allred Orem, UT

I was introduced to the Allred Family Newsletter through a cousin, Howard Stanley Allred, of Ten Sleep, WY. Honestly, at this point, I don't see a lot of names that I am familiar with, however, I do enjoy the newsletter. My son Christopher and his wife are living in St. George, and it was interesting to hear them talk of stopping in Springville on their way home from Zion National Park. In this part of Wyoming, there aren't alot of Allreds and it is nice to read the Allred Family Newsletter. Tomas E. Allred Worland, WY

tomall@trib.com

Would like to correspond with any descendants of John Campbell and Rebecca Allred, daughter of John Allred. I have a possibility of six children for this couple, but would like further documentation. Anyone with information please contact Dawnell Griffin. Thank you, Dawnell Griffin griffin@burgoyne.com

I am researching the Thomas Allred line. Born 1730 in Hillsborough, N.C. Died 1809/1810. Please let me know of any information anyone may have. Especially interested in journals and histories of his son William Allred, his son Isaac Allred who married Elizabeth Thrasher, and his son Sidney Rigdon Allred who married Mary Calvert. Thanks. Robert Evan Allred Tempe, AZ USA

callred@concentric.net

I see you have KIRKMAN in your family. Would like to correspond with any one researching the KIRKMAN. Very nice pages. Thank you, Katherine Jones kjones@muhlon.com

I am a descendant of Rachel Mary Ann Allred, daughter of Levi Allred and Abigail McMurtrey. Rachel Mary Ann Allred married Cyrus Benjamin Hawley. One of their daughters, Mildred Malissa Hawley married Edwin Nicholes. Three of their children are listed on your index but there were actually five children. The eldest was Edwin Hawley Nicholes, my grandfather, born in 1889 and died in 1919. There was also a daughter named Abbie who died at age 20. Edwin Hawley Nicholes married Jennie Grosman. They had three children: Leland Edwin Nicholes, Mildred Genevieve Nicholes, and Jack B. Nicholes. Mildred Nicholes, my mother, married Russell Arthur Hansen. They had two sons: I am the elder and my brother is Craig Russell Hansen. I married Rosalyn Ann Struck. We have three children: Heather Liis Hansen, Peter Christian Hansen, and Kristel Marie Hansen. My brother, Craig, married Holly Weissel. They have two daughters, Loren and Lily. I have dates for most of the people listed on this message. Feel free to contact me. Hans Edwin Hansen Valencia, CA

hansh@ix.netcom.com

Great Web page. I am researching anything on the Syme name. I see you have 8 here. Robert Syme Wilm, DE rsy2717@aol.com

In going through your list of surnames I found SPURLOCK and PRIDEMORE. I am a descendant of those two surnames. How I find out who these particular ones are? I have just started doing genealogy so this is all new to me. Any thing you can help me with will be greatly appreciated. Jane Hoholski Lorain, OH

jhoho@loraincccc.edu

I was really glad to find the ALLRED web page. I am descended from Elias Allred (b. 1756-d. 1844), a son of Thomas Allred who was born in Randolph Co., NC and died in Hall Co., Ga. I have a lot of information on his descendants which as I recall were not included in Dr. Allred's book. Donald Forbes Forsythe Georgetown, TX

dforsyth@igg-tx.net

a very large family tree, indeed. David patterson tucker, GA

beaujest@mindspring.com

I am compiling information on the family of Reuben Warren Allred and Lucy Ann Butler which I plan to publish. Anyone with information on this family, (children and grandchildren) is invited to contribute. I am interested in histories, photographs, copies of old letters and memorabilia etc. This will be the final phase of a five year project. Dawnell Griffin Fairview, UT

griffin@burgoyne.com

My family 'OTTERSON' migrated from the Craven County, North Carolina area to Fentress County, Tennessee, around 1845. My 2nd Great Grandfather, Caleb OTTERSON (born abt 1800) & wife Sofia, lived in the same area (district #10) as John ALRED (born abt 1804 in N.C.) in the 1850 Fentress County census. Caleb's father was Malachi OTTERSON of Craven County, N.C. Is this OTTERSON family related in any way to the ALRED/ALLRED family? Mark Atterson Darien, GA atterson@darientel.net



Allred Family Newsletter
"AFN"
Issue #33 Winter 1997



MEMBERSHIP ENROLLMENT FORM

I would like to become a member of the
Allred Family Organization Inc.

A non-profit Organization

Name _____ Phone _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CAN YOU LIST YOUR ALLRED LINE FOR FAMILY DATA INPUT?

For Example: My Allred Line is Clement, Ephriam L., Reuben W., James etc.

Parent _____ G.P. _____ G.G.P. _____

MEMBERSHIP IN THE "AFO" INCLUDES THE FOLLOWING

1. 1 Year subscription to the Allred Family Newsletter "AFN"
2. Membership Certificate suitable for framing
3. Voting privileges for the Board of Directors
4. Special contact of letters and reports as available

(By-laws and Constitution to be sent out upon request. Cost \$1. Postage)

Send \$20. in check or money order to:

Allred Family Organization Inc.
P.O. Box 559 Farmington, UT 84025-0559

Allred Family Organization Inc.
P.O. Box 559
Farmington, Utah 84025-0559

Allred



Address Correction Requested

Check Your Mailing Label
Is Your Subscription About to Run Out?